

782.8

C57b

1868

Stephenson *Stephenson (B.C.)*

THE BOLD RECRUIT.

AN OPERETTA.

H. Percival

WORDS BY B. C. STEPHENSON.

MUSIC BY FREDERIC CLAY.

Folicen

To be Produced at Canterbury, August, 1868.

LONDON:

HARRISON AND SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,

Printers in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

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THE BOLD RECRUIT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THEOPHILE PASQUIN (Painter)	MR. OLIVER TWIST.
LE PÈRE GOBEMOUCHE (A Farmer)	..	HON. S. WHITEHEAD.	
COLIN REDINGOTTE (The Recruit)	MR. A. SHARP.
SERGEANT JOLICŒUR	MR. H. PERCIVAL.
THEMISTOCLE (A Soldier)	MR. JOHN DOE.
NICHETTE (Daughter of Gobemouche)	..	MISS FANNY HOLLAND.	

SCENE—Normandy. PERIOD—1798.

782.8
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THE BOLD RECRUIT.

SCENE—*A Farm House in Normandy.*

(LE PERE GOBEMOUCHE and PASQUIN discovered seated at table, R.)

PAS. (R.) Upon your answer now depends my fate.

Here are the title-deeds of my estate.

GOB. (L.) But does my daughter love you? Her consent—
(*hesitating*)

PAS. A well-stocked farm Two thousand francs of rent.

GOB. (*looking at the documents*). My child is still so young,
her tender age—

PAS. The list of stock is on the second page.

GOB. What shall I say? (*aside.*) She can't abide the

PAS. If she consents the mill is yours. [man.

GOB. Who can

Resist such eloquence? The thing is done.

Nichette is yours. Come to my arms, my son.

Duet.

GOBEMOUCHE.

PASQUIN.

Am I right?

She is mine.

Is he quite

She is mine.

What a son-in-law should

I have won my little prize.

Husband's gold! [be?

Manners bold,

Daughter sold!

Father's gold,

Is this as it ought to be?

Put an end to lovers' sighs.

Yes! I feel

Up and down,

For her weal

In the town,

That I've done a father's

Will I spread the welcome

He's a catch, [best.

See the priest [news.

And the match

Order feast,

With an ample fortune's
blest.

Get my wedding coat and
shoes.

July 52, Clark

GOB. Well! if you once can gain my child's affection—

PAS. (*conceitedly*.) There'll be no obstacle in that direction.

(*Enter COLIN from House, who goes straight to GOBEMOUCHE, throws himself into his arms, and exclaims—*)

My father!

GOB. (L.) Your father!

PAS. (R.) His father!

GOB. What do you mean by this impertinence?

COL. (c.) I beg your pardon. I meant no offence.

But I am overcome with joy and pride.

Nichette has promised to become my bride.

GOB. and PAS. (*slowly*). Nichette has promised to become

COL. Therefore, behold your future son-in-law, [his bride!

Beloved parent! Come to my arms once more.

(*he embraces GOBEMOUCHE again.*)

PAS. Accepted by Nichette! I don't believe you.

GOB. In that capacity I can't receive you.

COL. And why?

GOB. Her hand is promised to another.

COL. His name?

GOB. I'll tell you that another time.

PAS. I'll tell you now, his name's the same as mine.

As for her love for you, we want some proof.

COL. (*producing a pair of braces.*) Behold this token of her youthful love!

PAS. } Behold that token of her youthful love!
GOB. }

Trio.

PAS. (*crosses to c.*) Is it he or me?

Which is it to be?

Who's to take her away as his wife?

It is she you see

Who has promised to be

The pride and delight of my life.

COL. (*crosses to c.*) Is it he or me ?

Which is it to be ?

Who's to take her away as his wife ?

It is she you see

Who is promised to me

As the pride and delight of my life.

GOB. (*crosses to c.*) Can it be that she

Is ever to be

The cause of such trouble and strife ?

I see for me

There's destined to be

No pleasure or peace in this life.

PAS. (c.) Are you Colin ?

COL. (L.) At your command the same.

PAS. Then Colin Redingotte goes off the scene.

Yes ! for this very morning you have been

In the conscription drawn—and now for you

No marriage bells will peal.

COL. Can this be true ?

PAS. There's something else in store for you my friend,

A noble future and a glorious end.

(*spoken*) Ha ! ha !

COL. Can this be true ?

GOB. (R.) There's not the least mistake.

PAS. You need'nt fear.

(*aside*) I'll just step round and send the soldiers here.

(*Exeunt GOBEMOUCHE and PASQUIN, c. and R.*)

COL. Is it a dream ? I know not what to do.

~~Must~~ I, who never could abide a gun,

Stand to be shot for some one else's fun ?

(*Enter NICHETTE from House.*)

NICH. (L.) Why, what's the matter ? your're as pale as death.

COL. (R.) No wonder ! Since I saw you things are changed,

From what they were before. It's now arranged,

That Pasquin is to marry you. While I,

(*gloomily*) I am to be a soldier, and to die !!

(*Considerable exclamation from NICHETTE.*)

NICH. It can't be true,

COL. It is indeed I fear,
Every moment I expect the soldiers here.

Duet.

COL. Alas, there's no mistaking.

NICH. With grief my heart is breaking.

COL. With fear my limbs are quaking.

NICH. With grief, I die.

COL. My dear, don't cry.

NICH. I won't.

COL. Then don't. (*They cry.*)

COL. Nichette, 'tis our last meeting.

NICH. Farewell! My heart is beating.

COL. And mine, its beat repeating.

NICH. With grief I die.

COL. My dear don't cry.

NICH. I won't.

COL. Then don't. (*They cry.*)

NICH. Is there no hope? Can't you devise some plan,
To get away! or some disguise; who can
Assist us? Stay, a bright idea! Suppose
You dress yourself in some of Colette's clothes

COL. But, your father.

NICH. Never fear his eyes,
Won't penetrate so perfect a disguise.

COL. The plan is excellent—it must succeed—
I feel quite jolly once again, I do indeed. (*crosses to L.*)

Duet.

COL. (L.) No longer fear oppressing.

NICH. (R.) No longer grief distressing.

COL. Inestimable blessing.

NICH. Don't laugh, they'll hear.

COL. I won't, my dear.

NICH. Then don't.

COL. I won't. (*They laugh.*)

NICH. The trouble was but fleeting.

COL. With joy my heart is beating.

NICH. And mine its beat repeating.

NICH. Don't laugh, they'll hear.

COL. I won't my dear.

NICH. I won't.

COL. Then don't. *(They laugh.)*

(Exeunt to House.)

(Enter SERGEANT JOLICEUR and one SOLDIER, C. from R.)

SERG. This is the place. *(To SOLDIER.)* You go and find
the man

While I stay here *(exit SOLDIER, L.)* It always is
my plan

To take as little trouble as I can.

*(Suddenly perceives wine left by
GOBEMOUCHE and PASQUIN.)*

What have we here! Aha! there's luck in store.

(Pours out half a glass.)

They really might have left a little more.

No matter. In the absence of my host,
I drain the goblet, and propose a toast.

Song.

Come comrades fill me the bowl,

Drink to the maiden fair;

Wine's the stuff to cheer the soul,

And drive away dull care.

Her lips are red, her cheek is fair,

Her eyes they shine so bright,

That you might think that stars they were,

Piercing the winter night.

Come comrades, &c.

But shall I turn fair dames to please,

A traitor to my post,

Lie sighing, pleading at her feet,

In admiration lost?

Nay, what care I for woman's charms,
 And what care I for her love;
 Not a whit, my lads, be she never so fair,
 When the trumpet sounds to arms.
 Come comrades, &c.

(*Re-enter SOLDIER, L.*)

SERG. (*looking at papers.*)

The description tallies. Yes! it must be so.

(*Soldier*) What do you think?

SOLD. Sergeant! I do not know.

SERG. Open the door. (*Enter NICHETTE from House.*)

Does Colin Redingotte live here?

NICH. (R.) Yes, Sir, he does, but he has just stepped out.

Oh! Heaven pardon me for such a sin.

SERG. (L.) They told me I was sure to find him in.

Citizen, do you believe her?

SOLD. (C.) Sergeant, I do not.

NICH. (*aside*) What shall I do to stop them?

Won't you be seated. Nay, I must insist.

SERG. She really is too nice—I can't resist. (*sits.*)

NICH. I'm sure you must be tired with your walk.

SERG. Duty commands. I have no time to talk.

NICH. But you must tell me now who gave you that
 (*pointing to his medal*).

And what a lovely feather in your hat!!!

(*He tries to rise; she stops him.*)

Don't go; you soldiers always want such pressing.

(*aside*) I wonder whether Colin's finished dressing.

SERG. I think, I've made a rather good impression. (*rising.*)

(*He advances towards NICHETTE, and is about to
 put his arm round her waist.*)

SOLD. Ha! Ha!

SERG. Citizen!

SOLD. Sergeant!

SERG. Right about face. (*Soldier obeys the order.*)

In that position you will please to stay [say—
 Until I've done—(*to NICHETTE*) I was about to

I know not what to ask of thee,
 Can words express the prayer,
 T'were more than happiness to be
 Beloved by maid so fair.

Oh! let me clasp the dainty waist,
 And let me kiss the little hand.
 I would not change my lot to day
 For all the riches in the land.

NICH. How very nice. (*She leans her head upon his shoulder.*)

SERG. (*with much satisfaction*) Ah!

(*Enter GOBEMOUCHE and PASQUIN, C. from R.*)

PASQ. (R.C.) Well, I must say that this is rather strong,

GOB. (R.) And in broad daylight, too, its very wrong.

PASQ. Your conduct, Madam, I regard with horror.

(*Takes her away from SERGEANT, and puts her over R.*)

This lady, Sir, is mine.

SERG.)

I'm sorry for her.

Citizen!

SOLD.

Sergeant!

SERG.

Front! (SOLDIER obeys.)

Do you remember what became of the man who
 crossed my path?

SOLD.

I do not.

SERG. I do. He died!——

(to PASQUIN) Pistols to-morrow at the break of day.

(to GOBE.) Where's Colin Redingotte?

GOB.

Within.

SERG.

Then lead the way.

(COLIN appears dressed as a peasant girl, and
 comes down L.)

SERG. (C.) Is no one else within? (crosses R.)

GOB. (C.)

Whom have we here?

NICH. (R.C.) Colette, she's come to help the washing, dear!

Quintette.

SERGEANT, R., PASQUIN, R.C., and GOBEMOUCHE, C.

Some mystery is here, I see
 Some mystery is here ;
 But what the mystery can be
 Is not so very clear.
 The bold recruit has run away,
 It seems the bird has flown.
 And where he's got to who can say ;
 All trace of him is gone.

NICHETTE, L.C., and COLIN, L.

I feel the beating of my heart,
 How exquisite the pain
 That tells me we shall never part,
 And bids me hope again.
 The cloud of grief is blown away,
 The trouble past and gone.
 The new-born happiness to-day
 I owe to you alone.

SERG. Citizen !

SOLD. Sergeant !

SERG. Do you recollect what they did to the men who
 humbugged the army of the Republic ?

SOLD. Sergeant ! I do not.

SERG. But I do. They were guillotined.

(PASQUIN and GOBEMOUCHE in great distress.)

GOB. I think he must be somewhere.

PAS. So do I.

We'd better find him or we both shall die.

GOB. We're sure to find him, if you'll come this way.
 Colette can shew us.

NICH. No, Colette must stay.

GOB. (*crosses L.*) When fathers order, daughters must obey.

(*Exeunt OMNES except NICHETTE into house.*)

NICH. I feel so terrified. If they should discover him !
 I should go mad with grief, as Lisstte did when Pierre

was taken away as a soldier. Poor boy! he never returned.

Song.

She wandered down the mountain side,
 With measured tread and slow;
 The bells were ringing at eventide,
 Down in the vale below.
 A bird was singing his psalm of rest,
 But she heeded not his song;
 For other thoughts filled full her breast,
 And she sang as she went along:
 "I shall meet him where we always meet,
 He is waiting there for me;
 My heart is full; I feel its beat;
 I am coming, love, to thee."
 Poor child, he is gone to his last long rest;
 He died in a foreign land;
 Nobly died with his face to the foe,
 Slain by a ruthless hand.
 But alas! she knows not what they mean;
 She heeds not what they say;
 And at eventide again she's seen;
 And she sings as she wends her way:
 "I shall meet him," &c.

(Enter PASQUIN, C.)

PAS. (R.) Alone! What happiness! Nichette!

(She turns away from him.)

Nay, do not turn away, be not unkind.

NICH. (L.) I can't abide you; now you know my mind.

Leave go my hand. Don't touch me, go away.

"No," I have said; "no," I shall always say.

PASQUIN. *Song.*

See, at your feet a humble suppliant kneels,
 Whose hopeless fate each morning fresh reveals,
 While unrepaid affection wounds his breast,
 And robs his day of peace, his night of rest.

Is there no hope, is there no word for me,
 Whose fondest thought is but your slave to be?
 Have you no mercy for a lover's sighs?
 Or has another borne away the prize?

NICH. I've said "No" once, and that's enough; now go.

PAS. (*with temper*). Permit me to remark you can't say

NICH. I can't say no? Who dares to say I can't. ["no."]

PAS. I say so, and your father says you sha'nt;

He's pledged himself to give your hand to me.

NICH. He's promised I shall marry you! We'll see.

(*crosses L.*)

Duet.

NICHETTE—PASQUIN.

NICH. All your pleading is in vain,
 What I've said I say again,
 Leave my sight, you waste your time,
 You shall ne'er be mate of mine.
 Do you think I'll be the bride
 Of a man I can't abide?
 Marry one against my will!!
 All your wealth can't gild the pill.

PAS. It's arranged—the thing is done,
 Gobemouche takes me as his son;
 On his promise I insist,
 His commands you can't resist.
 Yes you're bound to marry me,
 And in reason you will see
 That I cannot be denied,
 So you've only to decide.

NICH. All your pleading is in vain,
 What I've said I say again;
 Leave my sight, you waste your time,
 You shall ne'er be mate of mine.

Do you think I'll be the bride
Of a man I can't abide?
Marry me against my will!!
All your gold can't gild the pill.

PAS. No, I cannot be denied,
You are promised me as bride,
You will have to take the pill
And obey your father's will.
What I've said I say again,
You've no reason to complain;
Leave you? No, I must decline,
For I look on you as mine.

PAS. (L.) You won't consent?

NICH. (R.) I never will—no, never.

PAS. You'd best take care, young lady, what you say;
My mind's made up, I mean to have my way.

NICH. (*spoken*) Brute! (*she bursts into tears.*)

Enter COLIN from House.

COL. (C.) Holloa! what's this! Nichette in tears—and you,
You made her cry (*menacing*), do you know what
I'll do?

(*Takes up a pitchfork.*)

I'll teach you what it is to make her cry.

Let me get at him!

(*He pursues PASQUIN round the stage
with a pitchfork, and pins him to
the side of the cottage.*)

COL. (L.C.) I've got him!

Enter SERGEANT and GOBEMOUCHE from House.

SERG. (C.) Aha! at last. (*to PAS.*) You led us all a pretty
dance.

I claim you as a conscript in the name of France.

Here is the order!

PAS. (R.C.) But I'm not the man.

GOB. (R) No! no!

SERG. You swear it?

- GOB. Yes, I can.
- SERG. Swear; but beware if tis not him, tis you,
You are the only other man here, which is it of the
- GOB. Which is it? [two?
- SERG. Yes! Which is it?
- GOB. What shall I say?
- SERG. Come, out ~~with it~~, I can't stand here all day.
- GOB. (*decidedly*) It isn't me. *Colin*
- SERG. Well, then, it must be him.
- PAS. One word—
- SERG. Silence!
- GOB. Allow me to—
- SERG. Silence.
- PAS. Save me, my friend, speak out! One word from you,
For he won't let me speak. What shall I do?
- NICH. (L.) (*to COLIN.*) This happy chance has saved you.
Do as I do.

*Quintette.*GOBEMOUCHE *to* PASQUIN.

Farewell, my friend,
And fortune send,
That you may safe return;
What can I do
To comfort you?
Necessity is stern.

NICHETTE *and* COLIN *to* PASQUIN.

And is it so?
And must he go?
Oh, spare his tender years.
Then, we must part,
Go noble heart,
And with you go my tears.

PASQUIN *to* SERGEANT.

This fate, I dread;
Sir, what they said,

Indeed it is not true.
 With rage I burn,
 Which way to turn,
 I know not what to do.

SERGEANT.

Welcome, my friend,
 And fortune send,
 That you may safe return.
 To comfort you,
 What can I do?
 Necessity is stern.

(*Exit COLIN to House.*)

PAS. Is there no justice in the land—no way
 To set this right.

SERG. By all means, if you pay.

PAS. Pay what? how much? when? where? Speak,
 [only say.]

SERG. Pay fifty pieces, and Colin Redingotte is free.

PAS. But, I am not.

SERG. Silence.

PAS. Well, let it be.

Here is the money. (*Counts out money.*)

SERG. And here is the receipt.

(*reads*) Colin Redingotte—(PASQUIN *interposes* “But!”)—
 “having paid fifty pieces is relieved from further
 “service in the army of France.”

(*Re-enter COLIN and SOLDIER. He snatches paper
 out of the SERGEANT'S hand.*)

COL. (C.) Huzzah! (*to PASQUIN*) my friend and benefactor.

PAS. Why, here's the man,
 Give me my money back, and take him.

SERG. No, that can't be the money's paid,
 The thing is done and so it must remain.

And now my friends, farewell! (*looking round*)
 farewell! (*as before*) Citizen!

SOLD. Sergeant!

SER. Do you know what happened to the man who neglected to offer drink to the thirsty soldier.

SOLD. Sergeant, I do not!

SER. But I do. They (GOBEMOUCHE *offers him wine*).
No, they did not.

Finale.

GOBEMOUCHE.	PASQUIN.	SERGEANT.	NICHETTE.
SOLDIER.			COLIN.
R.			L.

Come, fill me a bumper full,
Fill it with liquor rare.
Wine is the stuff to cheer the soul,
And drive away dull care.

Farewell, for the best of friends must part,
And the best of loves must sever,
And wine shall banish regret from my heart,
For we part, perhaps, for ever.

Come pledge us all, &c.

Royal Gallery of Illustration,
14, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 19,

To commence at Nine o'Clock.

AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE
OF AN OPERETTA,

ENTITLED

THE BOLD RECRUIT,

Originally produced at Canterbury, 1888.

WORDS BY B. C. STEPHENSON,

MUSIC BY FREDERICK CLAY

(Who will preside at the Pianoforte).

Characters.

THEOPHILE PASQUIN

(a Painter).

LE PÈRE GOBEMOUCHE

(a Farmer).

COLIN REDINGOTTE

(The Recruit).

SERGEANT JOLICŒUR.

THEMISTOCLE

(A Soldier).

NICHETTE

(Daughter of Gobemouche).

DANCING IN THE DRAWING ROOM

At a Quarter-past Ten o'Clock.

